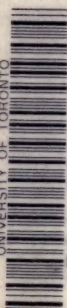


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Homeward Songs by the Way

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By the same Author

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**Homeward Songs
by the Way. A.C.**

(George W. Russell)

John Lane, The Bodley Head,
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1901

To C. W., truest friend

Preface

I MOVED among men and places, and in living I learned the truth at last. I know I am a spirit, and that I went forth in old time from the Self-ancestral to labours yet unaccomplished ; but filled ever and again with home-sickness I made these songs by the way.

A. E.

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*OH, be not led away,
Lured by the colour of the sun-rich day.
The gay romance of song
Unto the spirit life doth not belong :
Though far-between the hours
In which the Master of Angelic powers
Lightens the dusk within
The holy of holies, be it thine to win
Rare vistas of white light,
Half parted lips through which the Infinite
Murmurs her ancient story,
Harkening to whom the wandering planets hoary
Waken primeval fires,
With deeper rapture in celestial choirs
Breathe, and with fleeter motion
Wheel in their orbits through the surgeless ocean.
So hearken thou like these,
Intent on her, mounting by slow degrees,
Until thy song's elation
Echoes her multitudinous meditation.*

The Unknown God

FAR up the dim twilight fluttered
Moth-wings of vapour and flame :
The lights danced over the mountains,
Star after star they came.

The lights grew thicker unheeded,
For silent and still were we ;
Our hearts were drunk with a beauty
Our eyes could never see.

By the Margin of the Great Deep

WHEN the breath of twilight blows to flame the misty
 skies,
All its vaporous sapphire, violet glow and silver gleam,
With their magic flood me through the gateway of the
 eyes ;
 I am one with the twilight's dream.

When the trees and skies and fields are one in dusky mood,
Every heart of man is rapt within the mother's breast :
Full of peace and sleep and dreams in the vasty quietude,
 I am one with their hearts at rest.

From our immemorial joys of hearth and home and love
Strayed away along the margin of the unknown tide,
All its reach of soundless calm can thrill me far above
 Word or touch from the lips beside.

Aye, and deep and deep and deeper let me drink and draw
From the olden fountain more than light or peace or
 dream,
Such primeval being as o'erfills the heart with awe,
 Growing one with its silent stream.

Desire

WITH Thee a moment! Then what dreams have play!
Traditions of eternal toil arise,
Search for the high, austere and lonely way
The Spirit moves in through eternities.
Ah, in the soul what memories arise!

And with what yearning inexpressible,
Rising from long forgetfulness I turn
To Thee, invisible, unrumoured, still :
White for Thy whiteness all desires burn.
Ah, with what longing once again I turn!

The Place of Rest

The soul is its own witness and its own refuge

UNTO the deep the deep heart goes,
It lays its sadness nigh the breast :
Only the Mighty Mother knows
The wounds that quiver unconfessed.

It seeks a deeper silence still ;
It folds itself around with peace,
Where thoughts alike of good or ill
In quietness unfostered cease.

It feels in the unwounding vast
For comfort for its hopes and fears :
The Mighty Mother bows at last ;
She listens to her children's tears.

Where the last anguish deepens—there
The fire of beauty smites through pain :
A glory moves amid despair,
The Mother takes her child again.

Self-Discipline

WHEN the soul sought refuge in the place of rest,
Overborne by strife and pain beyond control,
From some secret hollow, whisper soft-confessed,
 Came the legend of the soul.

Some bright one of old time laid his sceptre down,
So his heart might learn of sweet and bitter truth ;
Going forth bereft of beauty, throne, and crown,
 And the sweetness of his youth.

So the old appeal and fierce revolt we make
Through the world's hour dies within our primal will ;
And we justify the pain and hearts that break,
 And our lofty doom fulfil.

Forgiveness

AT dusk the window panes grew grey ;
The wet world vanished in the gloom ;
The dim and silver end of day
Scarce glimmered through the little room.

And all my sins were told ; I said
Such things to her who knew not sin—
The sharp ache throbbing in my head,
The fever running high within.

I touched with pain her purity ;
Sin's darker sense I could not bring :
My soul was black as night to me ;
To her I was a wounded thing.

I needed love no words could say ;
She drew me softly nigh her chair,
My head upon her knees to lay,
With cool hands that caressed my hair.

She sat with hands as if to bless,
And looked with grave, ethereal eyes ;
Ensouled by ancient Quietness,
A gentle priestess of the Wise.

Pity

THE twinkling mists of green and gold
Afloat in the abyss of air,
From out the window high and old
We watched together there.

The monstrous fabric of the town
Lay black below ; the cries of pain
Came to our ears from up and down
The dimly-lighted lane.

Olive, your eyes were turned to me,
Seeking a soul to sympathise :
I wondered what that glow might be,
Olive, within your eyes.

Into your trembling words there passed
The sorrow that was sighed through you :
Pity, a breath from out the vast,
From unknown hollows blew.

Krishna

I am Beauty itself among beautiful things

BHAGAVAD-GITA

THE East was crowned with snow-cold bloom
And hung with veils of pearly fleece :
They died away into the gloom,
Vistas of peace—and deeper peace.

And earth and air and wave and fire
In awe and breathless silence stood ;
For One who passed into their choir
Linked them in mystic brotherhood.

Twilight of amethyst, amid
Thy few strange stars that lit the heights,
Where was the secret spirit hid ?
Where was Thy place, O Light of Lights ?

The flame of Beauty far in space—
Where rose the fire : in Thee ? in Me ?
Which bowed the elemental race
To adoration silently ?

Mystery

WHY does this sudden passion smite me ?
I stretch my hands, all blind to see :
I need the lamp of the world to light me,
 Lead me and set me free.

Something a moment seemed to stoop from
The night with cool, cool breath on my face :
Or did the hair of the twilight droop from
 Its silent wandering ways ?

About me in the thick wood netted
The wizard glow looks human-wise ;
And over the tree-tops barred and fretted
 Ponders with strange old eyes.

The tremulous lips of air blow by me
And hymn their time-old melody :
Its secret strain comes nigh and nigh me :
 ‘ Ah, brother, come with me ;

‘ For here the ancient mother lingers
To dip her hands in the diamond dew,
And lave thine ache with cloud-cool fingers
 Till sorrow die from you.’

The Singing Silences

WHILE the yellow constellations shine with pale and
tender glory,
In the lilac-scented stillness let us listen to earth's story.
All the flowers like moths a-flutter glimmer rich with
dusky hues;
Everywhere around us seem to fall from nowhere the
sweet dews.
Through the drowsy lull, the murmur, stir of leaf and
sleepy hum,
We can feel a gay heart beating, hear a magic singing
come.
Ah, I think that as we linger lighting at earth's olden fire
Fitful gleams in clay that perish, little sparks that soon
expire:
So the Mother brims her gladness from a life beyond her
own,
From whose darkness as a fountain up the fiery days are
thrown;
Starry words that wheel in splendour, sunny systems,
histories,
Vast and nebulous traditions told in the eternities.
And our listening Mother whispers through her children
all the story.
Come: the yellow constellations shine with pale and
tender glory!

To One Consecrated

YOUR paths were all unknown to us :
We were so far away from you :
We mixed in thought your spirit thus—
With whiteness, stars of gold, and dew.

The Mighty Mother nourished you ;
Her breath blew from her mystic bowers ;
Their elfin glimmer floated through
The pureness of your shadowy hours.

The Mighty Mother made you wise,
Gave love that clears the hidden ways ;
Her glooms were glory to your eyes,
Her darkness but the Fount of Days.

She made all gentleness in you,
And beauty radiant as the morn's :
She made our joy in yours, then threw
Upon your head a crown of thorns.

Your eyes are filled with tender light
For those whose eyes are dim with tears :
They see your brow is crowned and bright,
But not its ring of wounding spears.

The Great Breath

ITS edges foamed with amethyst and rose,
Withers once more the old blue flower of day :
There where the ether like a diamond glows
 Its petals fade away.

A shadowy tumult stirs the dusky air ;
Sparkle the delicate dewes, the distant snows ;
The great deep thrills for through it everywhere
 The breath of Beauty blows.

I saw how all the trembling ages past,
Moulded to her by deep and deeper breath,
Neared to the hour when Beauty breathes her last
 And knows herself in death.

Dusk

DUSK wraps the village in its dim caress ;
Each chimney's vapour, like a thin grey rod,
Mounting aloft through miles of quietness,
Pillars the skies of God.

Far up they break or seem to break their line,
Mingling their nebulous crests that bow and nod
Under the light of those fierce stars that shine
Out of the calm of God.

.

Only in clouds and dreams I felt those souls
In the abyss, each fire hid in its clod ;
From which in clouds and dreams the spirit rolls
Into the vast of God.

Night

HEART-HIDDEN from the outer things I rose ;
The spirit woke anew in nightly birth
Unto the vastness where forever glows
 The star-soul of the earth.

There all alone in primal ecstasy,
Within her depths where revels never tire,
The olden Beauty shines : each thought of me
 Is veined through with its fire.

And all my thoughts are throngs of living souls ;
They breathe in me, heart unto heart allied ;
Their joy undimmed, though when the morning tolls
 The planets may divide.

Dawn

STILL as the holy of holies breathes the vast,
Within its crystal depths the stars grow dim ;
Fire on the altar of the hills at last
Burns on the shadowy rim ,

Moment that holds all moments ; white upon
The verge it trembles ; then like mists of flowers
Break from the fairy fountain of the dawn
The hues of many hours.

.

Thrown downward from that high companionship
Of dreaming, inmost heart with inmost heart,
Into the common daily ways I slip,
My fire from theirs apart.

Day

IN day from some titanic past it seems
As if a thread divine of memory runs ;
Born ere the Mighty One began his dreams,
Or yet were stars and suns.

But here an iron will has fixed the bars ;
Forgetfulness falls on earth's myriad races :
No image of the proud and morning stars
Looks at us from their faces.

Yet yearning still to reach to those dim heights,
Each dream remembered is a burning-glass,
Where through to darkness from the Light of Lights
Its rays in splendour pass.

Echoes

THE might that shaped itself through storm and stress
In chaos, here is lulled in breathing sweet ;
Under the long brown ridge in gentleness
 Its fierce old pulses beat.

Quiet and sad we go at eve ; the fire
That woke exultant in an earlier day
Is dead ; the memories of old desire
 Only in shadows play.

We liken love to this and that ; our thought
The echo of a deeper being seems :
We kiss, because God once for beauty sought
 Within a world of dreams.

Natural Magic

WE are tired who follow after
Phantasy and truth that flies :
You with only look and laughter
Stain our hearts with richest dyes.

When you break upon our study
Vanish all our frosty cares ;
As the diamond deep grows ruddy,
Filled with morning unawares.

With the stuff that dreams are made of
But an empty house we build :
Glooms we are ourselves afraid of,
By the ancient starlight chilled.

All unwise in thought or duty—
Still our wisdom envies you :
We who lack the living beauty
Half our secret knowledge rue.

Thought nor fear in you nor dreaming
Veil the light with mist about ;
Joy, as through a crystal gleaming,
Flashes from the gay heart out.

Pain and penitence forsaking,
Hearts like cloisters dim and grey,
By your laughter lured, awaking
Join with you the dance of day.

Destiny

LIKE winds or waters were her ways :
The flowing tides, the airy streams,
Are troubled not by any dreams ;
They know the circle of their days.

Like winds or waters were her ways :
They heed not immemorial cries ;
They move to their high destinies
Beyond the little voice that prays.

She passed into her secret goal,
And left behind a soul that trod
In darkness, knowing not of God,
But craving for its sister soul.

Parting

AS from our dream we died away
Far off I felt the outer things ;
Your wind-blown tresses round me play,
Your bosom's gentle murmurings.

And far away our faces met
As on the verge of the vast spheres ;
And in the night our cheeks were wet,
I could not say with dew or tears.

As one within the Mother's heart
In that hushed dream upon the height
We lived, and then we rose to part,
Because her ways are infinite.

Comfort

DARK head by the fireside brooding,
Where upon your ears
Whirlwinds of the earth intruding
Sound in wrath and tears :

Tender-hearted, in your lonely
Sorrow I would fain
Comfort you, and say that only
Gods could feel such pain.

Only spirits know such longing
For the far away ;
And the fiery fancies thronging
Rise not out of clay.

Keep the secret sense celestial
Of the starry birth ;
Though about you call the bestial
Voices of the earth.

If a thousand ages since
Hurled us from the throne :
Then a thousand ages wins
Back again our own.

Sad one, dry away your tears :
Mount again anew :
In the great ancestral spheres
Waits the throne for you.

Pain

MEN have made them gods of love,
Sun-gods, givers of the rain,
Deities of hill and grove :
I have made a god of Pain.

Of my god I know this much,
And in singing I repeat,
Though there's anguish in his touch,
Yet his soul within is sweet.

Sung on a By-way

WHAT of all the will to do ?
It has vanished long ago,
For a dream-shaft pierced it through
From the Unknown Archer's bow.

What of all the soul to think ?
Some one offered it a cup
Filled with a diviner drink,
And the flame has burned it up.

What of all the hope to climb ?
Only in the self we grope
To the misty end of time :
Truth has put an end to hope.

What of all the heart to love ?
Sadder than for will or soul,
No light lured it on above ;
Love has found itself the whole.

Our Thrones Decay

I SAID my pleasure shall not move ;
It is not fixed in things apart :
Seeking not love—but yet to love—
I put my trust in mine own heart.

I knew the fountain of the deep
Wells up with living joy, unfed :
Such joys the lonely heart may keep,
And love grow rich with love unwed.

Still flows the ancient fount sublime ;—
But, ah, for my heart, shed tears, shed tears ;
Not it, but love, has scorn of time ;
It turns to dust beneath the years.

The Dawn of Darkness

COME earth's little children pit-pat from their burrows
on the hill ;

Hangs within the gloom its weary head the shining daffodil.
In the valley underneath us through the fragrance flit along
Over fields and hedgerows dim the little quivering drops
of song.

All adown the pale blue mantle of the mountains far away
Stream the tresses of the twilight flying in the wake of day.
Night comes ; soon alone shall fancy follow sadly in her
flight

Where the fiery dust of evening, shaken from the feet of
light,
Thrusts its monstrous barriers between the pure, the good,
the true,

That our weeping eyes may strain for, but shall never after
view.

Only yester eve I watched with heart at rest the nebulæ
Looming far within the shadowy shining of the Milky Way ;
Finding in the stillness joy and hope for all the sons of men ;
Now what silent anguish fills a night more beautiful than
then :

For earth's age of pain has come, and all her sister planets
weep,

Thinking of her fires of morning passing into dreamless
sleep.

In this cycle of great sorrow for the moments that we last

The Dawn of Darkness

We too shall be linked by weeping to the greatness of her
past :
But the coming race shall know not, and the fount of tears
shall dry,
And the arid heart of man be arid as the desert sky.
So within my mind the darkness dawned and round me
everywhere
Hope departed with the twilight, leaving only dumb despair.

Waiting

WHEN the dawn comes forth I wonder
Will our sad, sad hearts awaken,
And the grief we laboured under
From the new-in-joy be shaken?

If the night be long in going,
All our souls will fix in sadness ;
And the light of morning glowing
Waken in our eyes no gladness.

All unschooled in mirth we will not
Rouse forgotten joys from sleeping ;
And the dawn our pain shall still not :
We will gaze on it with weeping.

The Last Hero

WE laid him to rest with tenderness ;
Homeward we turned in the twilight's gold ;
We thought in ourselves with dumb distress—
All the story of earth is told.

A beautiful word at the last was said :
A great deep heart like the hearts of old
Went forth ; and the speaker had lost the thread,
Or all the story of earth was told.

The dust hung over the pale dry ways
Dizzily fired with the twilight's gold,
And a bitter remembrance blew in each face
How all the story of earth was told.

The Pain of Earth

DOES the earth grow grey with grief
For her hero darling fled?
Though her vales let fall no leaf,
In our hearts her tears are shed.

Still the stars laugh on above :
Not to them her grief is said ;
Mourning for her hero love
In our hearts the tears are shed.

We her children mourn for him,
Mourn the elder hero dead ;
In the twilight grey and dim
In our hearts the tears are shed.

On a Hill-Top

BEARDED with dewy grass the mountains thrust
Their blackness high into the still grey light,
Deepening to blue : far up the glimmering height
In silver transience shines the starry dust.

Silent the sheep about me ; fleece by fleece
They sleep and stir not : I with awe around
Wander uncertain o'er the giant mound,
A fire that moves between their peace and peace.

The city myriads dream or sleep below ;
Aloft another day has but begun :
Under the radiance of the Midnight Sun
The Tree of Life puts forth its leaves to grow.

Wiser than they below who dream or sleep ?
I know not ; but their day is dream to me,
And in their darkness I awake to see
A Thought that moves like light within the deep.

Only from dream to dream our spirits pass :
Well, let us rise and fly from sphere to sphere ;
Some one of all unto the light more near
Mirrors the Dreamer in its glowing glass.

The Hermit

NOW the quietude of earth
Nestles deep my heart within ;
Friendships new and strange have birth
Since I left the city's din.

Here the tempest stays its guile,
Like a big kind brother plays,
Romps and pauses here awhile
From its immemorial ways.

Now the silver light of dawn
Slipping through the leaves that fleck
My one window, hurries on,
Throws its arms around my neck.

Darkness to my doorway hies,
Lays her chin upon the roof,
And her burning seraph eyes
Now no longer keep aloof.

And the ancient mystery
Holds its hands out day by day,
Takes a chair and croons with me
By my cabin built of clay.

When the dusky shadow flits,
By the chimney nook I see
Where the old enchanter sits,
Smiles, and waves, and beckons me.

Epitaph

WHERE is the priestess of this shrine,
And by what place does she adore?
The woodland haunt below the pine
Now hears her whisper evermore.

Ah, wrapped in her own beauty now,
She dreams a dream that shall not cease:
Priestess—to her own soul to bow
Is hers, in everlasting peace.

The Spirit of the Gay

WITH the glamour of the Gay
How you made our hearts to flame ;
Gave each life some airy aim :
Ever round you seemed to play
Sunlight from some inner day.

Dazzling as with red and gold ;
Rich with beauty, love and youth—
How were we to know the truth,
That if all the tale were told
Life for you was sad and cold ?

For you found if we would wake
And the joy make young each heart,
You who told must stand apart :
And you bore it for our sake,
Though your heart was nigh to break.

So your life was like a sphere's :
One side, all aglow, meets day,
And the other turned away,
Icy-strange and cold appears,
Overhung with starry tears.

Om

A MEMORY

FAINT grew the yellow buds of light
Far flickering beyond the snows,
As leaning o'er the shadowy white
Morn glimmered like a pale primrose.

Within an Indian vale below
A child said 'OM' with tender heart,
Watching with loving eyes the glow
In dayshine fade and night depart.

The word which Brahma at his dawn
Outbreathes and endeth at his night,
Whose tide of sound so rolling on
Gives birth to orbs of pearly light ;

And beauty, wisdom, love, and youth,
By its enchantment gathered grow
In agelong wandering to the Truth,
Through many a cycle's ebb and flow.

And here the voice of earth was stilled,
The child was lifted to the Wise :
A strange delight his spirit filled,
And Brahm looked from his shining eyes.

The Golden Age

WHEN the morning breaks above us
And the wild sweet stars have fled,
By the faery hands that love us
Wakened you and I will tread,

Where the lilacs on the lawn
Shine with all their silver dews,
In the stillness of a dawn
Wrapped in tender primrose hues.

We will hear the strange old song
That the earth croons in her breast,
Echoed by the feathered throng
Joyous from each leafy nest.

Earth, whose dreams are we and they,
With her heart's deep gladness fills
All our human lips can say,
Or the dawn-fired singer trills.

She is rapt in dreams divine :
As her clouds of beauty pass,
On our glowing hearts they shine,
Mirrored there as in a glass.

The Golden Age

So when all the vapours grey
From our flowery paths shall flit,
And the dawn begin the day,
We will sing that song to it

Ere its yellow fervour flies.—
Oh, we are so glad of youth,
Whose first sweetness never dies
Nourished by eternal truth.

Indian Song

SHADOWY-PETALLED, like the lotus, loom the
mountains with their snows :

Through the sapphire Soma rising such a flood of glory
throws

As when first in yellow splendour Brahma from the
Lotus rose.

High above the darkening mounds where fade the fairy
lights of day,

All the tiny planet folk are waving us from far away ;

Thrilled by Brahma's breath they sparkle with the magic
of the gay.

Brahma, all alone in gladness, dreams the joys that throng
in space,

Shepherds all the whirling splendours onward to their
resting place,

Where at last in wondrous silence fade in One the starry
race.

Dust

I HEARD them in their sadness say
‘The earth rebukes the thought of God ;
We are but embers wrapped in clay
A little nobler than the sod.’

But I have touched the lips of clay
Mother, thy rudest sod to me
Is thrilled with fire of hidden day,
And haunted by all mystery.

The Vesture of the Soul

I PITIED one whose tattered dress
Was patched, and stained with dust and rain ;
He smiled on me ; I could not guess
The viewless spirit's wide domain.

He said, 'The royal robe I wear
Trails all along the fields of light :
Its silent blue and silver bear
For gems the starry dust of night.

'The breath of Joy unceasingly
Waves to and fro its folds starlit,
And far beyond earth's misery
I live and breathe the joy of it.'

Childhood

HOW I could see through and through you !
So unconscious, tender, kind,
More than ever was known to you
Of the pure ways of your mind.

We who long to rest from strife
Labour sternly as a duty ;
But a magic in your life
Charms, unknowing of its beauty.

We are pools whose depths are told ;
You are like a mystic fountain,
Issuing ever pure and cold
From the hollows of the mountain.

We are men by anguish taught
To distinguish false from true ;
Higher wisdom we have not ;
But a joy within guides you.

See Woodman's poem

Inheritance

AS flow the rivers to the sea
A down from rocky hill or plain,
A thousand ages toiled for thee
And gave thee harvest of their gain ;
And weary myriads of yore
Dug out for thee earth's buried ore.

The shadowy toilers for thee fought
In chaos of primeval day
Blind battles with thee knew not what ;
And each before he passed away
Gave clear articulate cries of woe :
Your pain is theirs of long ago.

And all the old heart sweetness sung,
The joyous life of man and maid
In forests when the earth was young,
In rumours round your childhood strayed :
The careless sweetness of your mind
Comes from the buried years behind.

And not alone unto your birth
Their gifts the weeping ages bore,
The old descents of God on earth
Have dowered thee with celestial lore :
So, wise, and filled with sad and gay
You pass unto the further day.

Three Counsellors

IT was the fairy of the place,
Moving within a little light,
Who touched with dim and shadowy grace
The conflict at its fever height.

It seemed to whisper 'Quietness,'
Then quietly itself was gone :
Yet echoes of its mute caress
Were with me as the years went on.

It was the warrior within
Who called 'Awake, prepare for fight :
Yet lose not memory in the din :
Make of thy gentleness thy might :

'Make of thy silence words to shake
The long-enthroned kings of earth :
Make of thy will the force to break
Their towers of wantonness and mirth.'

It was the wise all-seeing soul
Who counselled neither war nor peace :
'Only be thou thyself that goal
In which the wars of time shall cease.'

The Symbol Seduces

THERE in her old-world garden smiles
A symbol of the world's desire,
Striving with quaint and lovely wiles
To bind to earth the soul of fire.

And while I sit and listen there,
The robe of Beauty falls away
From universal things to where
Its image dazzles for a day.

Away! the great life calls; I leave
For Beauty, Beauty's rarest flower;
For Truth, the lips that ne'er deceive;
For Love, I leave Love's haunted bower.

Sacrifice

THOSE delicate wanderers,
The wind, the star, the cloud,
Ever before mine eyes,
As to an altar bowed,
Light and dew-laden airs
Offer in sacrifice.

The offerings arise :
Hazes of rainbow light,
Pure crystal, blue, and gold,
Through dreamland take their flight ;
And 'mid the sacrifice
God moveth as of old.

In miracles of fire
He symbols forth his days ;
In gleams of crystal light
Reveals what pure pathways
Lead to the soul's desire,
The silence of the height.

Truth

THE hero first thought it ;
To him 'twas a deed :
To those who rethought it,
A chain on their speed.

The fire that we kindled,
A beacon by night,
When darkness has dwindled
Grows pale in the light.

For life has no glory
Stays long in one dwelling,
And time has no story
That's true twice in telling.

And only the teaching
That never was spoken
Is worthy thy reaching,
The fountain unbroken.

Warning

PURE at heart we wander now :
Comrade on the quest divine,
Turn not from the stars your brow
That your eyes may rest on mine.

Pure at heart we wander now :
We have hopes beyond to-day ;
And our quest does not allow
Rest or dreams along the way.

We are, in our distant hope,
One with all the great and wise :
Comrade, do not turn or grope
For some lesser light that dies.

We must rise or we must fall :
Love can know no middle way :
If the great life do not call,
Then is sadness and decay.

Divided

IN childhood's days we were not apart :
One spirit breathed in your heart and my heart.
It flowed through us in our childhood's days
As hosts that march through the broad highways.

The ancient magic is over and dead,
For love awoke and the voices fled :
We know no more of the superhuman :
I am a man and you are a woman.

The Veils of Maya

MOTHER, with whom our lives should be,
Not hatred keeps our lives apart :
Charmed by some lesser glow in thee,
Our hearts beat not within thy heart.

Beauty, the face, the touch, the eyes,
Prophets of thee, allure our sight
From that unfathomed deep where lies
Thine ancient loveliness and light.

Self-found at last, the joy that springs
Being thyself, shall once again
Start thee upon the whirling rings
And through the pilgrimage of pain.

Symbolism

NOW when the spirit in us wakes and broods,
Filled with home yearnings, drowsily it flings
From its deep heart high dreams and mystic moods,
Mixed with the memory of the loved earth things :
Clothing the vast with a familiar face ;
Reaching its right hand forth to greet the starry race.

Wondrously near and clear the great warm fires
Stare from the blue ; so shows the cottage light
To the field labourer whose heart desires
The old folk by the nook, the welcome bright
From the house-wife long parted from at dawn—
So the star villages in God's great depths withdrawn.

Nearer to Thee, not by delusion led,
Though there no house fires burn nor bright eyes gaze :
We rise, but by the symbol charioted,
Through loved things rising up to Love's own ways :
By these the soul unto the vast has wings
And sets the seal celestial on all mortal things.

Prayer

LET us leave our island woods grown dim and blue ;
O'er the waters creeping the pearl dust of the eve
Hides the silver of the long wave rippling through :
The chill for the warm room let us leave.

Turn the lamp down low and draw the curtain wide,
So the greyness of the starlight bathes the room ;
Let us see the giant face of night outside,
Though vague as a moth's wing is the gloom.

Rumour of the fierce-pulsed city far away
Breaks upon the peace that aureoles our rest,
Steeped in stillness as if some primeval day
Hung drowsily o'er the water's breast.

Shut the eyes that flame and hush the heart that burns :
In quiet we may hear the old primeval cry :
God gives wisdom to the spirit that upturns :
Let us adore now, you and I.

Age on age is heaped about us as we hear :
Cycles hurry to and fro with giant tread
From the deep unto the deep : but do not fear,
For the soul unhearing them is dead.

Magic

AFTER READING THE UPANISHADS

OUT of the dusky chamber of the brain
Flows the imperial Will through dream on dream :
The fires of life around it tempt and gleam ;
The lights of earth behind it fade and wane.

Passed beyond beauty tempting dream on dream,
The pure Will seeks the heart-hold of the light :
Sounds the deep OM, the mystic word of might :
Forth from the heart-hold breaks the living stream.

Passed out beyond the deep heart music-filled,
The kingly Will sits on the ancient throne,
Wielding the sceptre, fearless, free, alone,
Knowing in Brahma all it dared and willed.

The Secret

*ONE thing in all things have I seen :
One thought has haunted earth and air :
Clangour and silence both have been
Its palace chambers. Everywhere*

*I saw the mystic vision flow
And live in men and woods and streams,
Until I could no longer know
The dream of life from my own dreams.*

*Sometimes it rose like fire in me
Within the depths of my own mind,
And spreading to infinity,
It took the voices of the wind :*

*It scrawled the human mystery—
Dim heraldry—on light and air ;
Wavering along the starry sea
I saw the flying vision there.*

*Each fire that in God's temple lit
Burns fierce before the inner shrine,
Dimmed as my fire grew near to it
And darkened at the light of mine.*

*At last, at last, the meaning caught—
The spirit wears its diadem ;
It shakes its wondrous plumes of thought
And trails the stars along with them.*



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